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THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Nichols and Son; F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Stockdale; W. Lowndes; G. Wilkie and J. Robinson; T. Egerton; J. Walker; R. Nunn; W. Clarke and Son; J. Barker and Son; J. Cuthell; R. Lea; Lackington and Co.; J. Deighton; J. White and Co.; C. Law; B. Crosby and Co.; W. Earle; J. Gray and Son; G. Robinson; Longman and Co.; Cadell and Davies; J. Harding; R. H. Evans; J. Booker; S. Bagster; J. Mawman; Black and Co.; J. Richardson; J. Booth; Newman and Co.; P. Phe-
ney; R. Scholey; J. Asperne; J. Faulder; R. Baldwin; Cradock and Joy; J. Mackinlay; J. Johnson and Co.; Gale and Curtis; and Wilson and Son, York.

3354



I thought he slept,
Cymbeline Act. 4. Sc. 2.

T. Uwins del.

S. Noble sculp.

Printed for F. C. & J. Rivington & Partners.

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OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
In Eight Volumes
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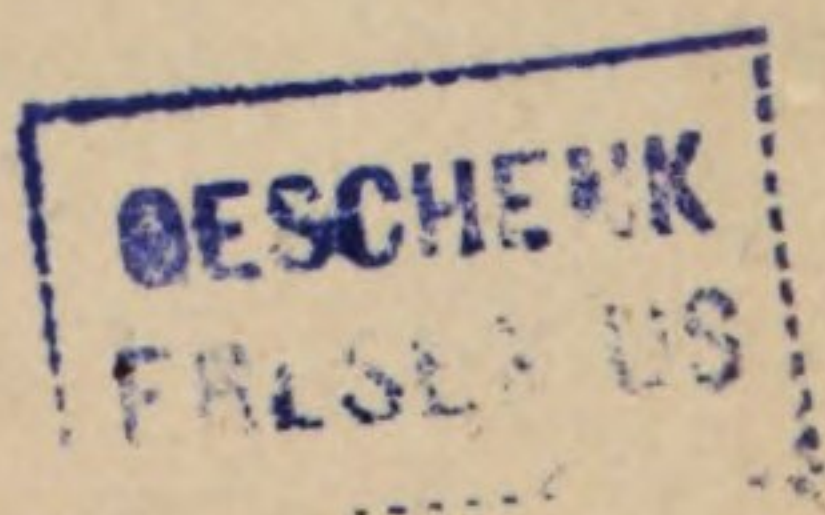
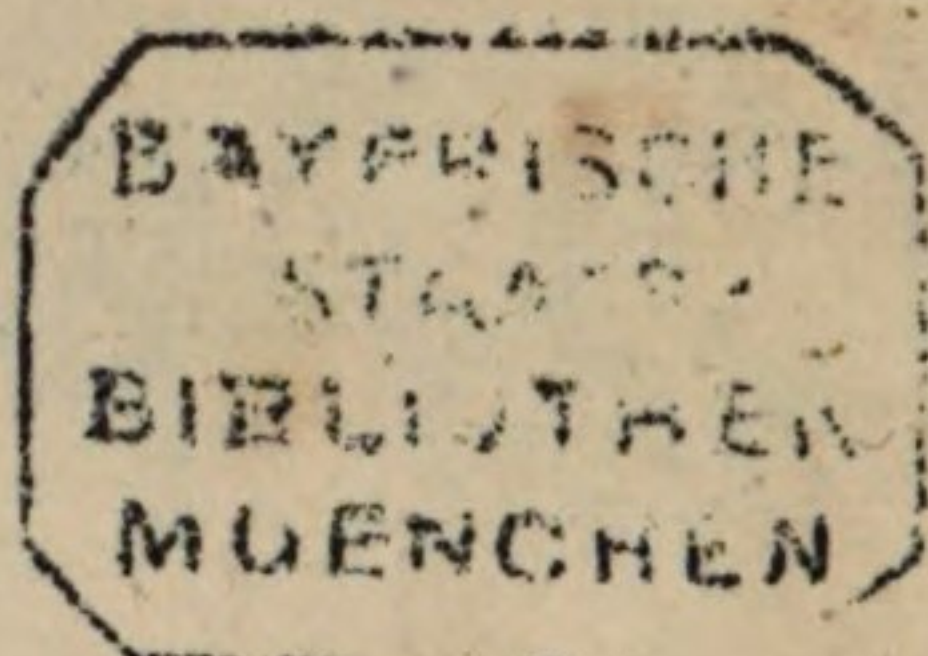
T. Uwins del.

S. Noble sc.

*No, no, I will not rob Tellus of her weed
To strew thy green with flowers: —
Pericles Act. 4. S. 1.*

L O N D O N.

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1811.

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 1850

CONTENTS.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERICLES.

CONTENTS



PERICLES.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
CYMBELINE.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

London, Printed, R. Bentley.

Julius Caesar.
 Octavius Caesar.
 Marcus Antonius.
 M. Aemilius Lepidus.
 Cicero, Popilius, Trebellius, &c.
 Marcus Brutus.
 Cassius.
 Cato.
 Trebonius.
 Ligarius.
 Decius Brutus.
 Cinna.
 Flavius, &c.
 Arundine, a friend of Caesar.
 A soldier.
 Cato, a friend of Brutus.
 Lucius, Titinius, Messala, young Cato, &c.
 Pompey; friend to Brutus & Cassius.
 Varrus, Cato, Clodius, &c.
 Pindarus, a friend of Caesar.
 Calpurnia, wife to Caesar.
 Portia, wife to Brutus.
 Senators, Cato, &c.
 Scene, during a great part of the play, at Rome;
 afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar,

Marcus Antonius,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

} *triumvirs, after the death
of Julius Cæsar.*

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena; *senators.*

Marcus Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

} *conspirators against Julius
Cæsar.*

Flavius and Marullus, *tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, *a poet. Another Poet.*

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, young Cato, and Vol-
lumnus; *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius;
servants to Brutus.

Pindarus, *servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

*Scene, during a great part of the play, at Rome :
afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you
home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk,

Upon a labouring day, without the sign

Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me di-
rectly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender
of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort*;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, whe'r† their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies‡.

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

* Rank. † Whether.
‡ Honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

* A ceremony observed at the feast of Lupercalia.
† Crowd.

SCENE II.

The same. A public place.

Enter, in procession, with musick, Cæsar; Antony, for the course: Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca, a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[Musick ceases.]

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course*.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[Musick.]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[Musick ceases.]

Cæs. Who is it in the press†, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

* A ceremony observed at the feast of *Lupercalia*.

† Crowd.

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet**. *Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion†,
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried

* Flourish of instruments.

† The nature of your feelings.

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale* with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

* Allure.

What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty* day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

* Windy.

His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper* should
So get the start of the majestick world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

* Temperament, constitution.

There was a Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim †;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew ‡ upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter Cæsar, and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret§ and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;

* *Lucius Junius Brutus.* † Guess.

‡ Ruminare. § A ferret has red eyes.

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no musick :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Cæsar and his train. Casca stays behind.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you
speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him : and
being offered him, he put it by with the back of his
hand, thus ; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice ; What was the last cry
for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true* man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he per-

* Honest.

ceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation*, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit Casca.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form,

* A mechanick.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[Exit Brutus.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd*: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard†; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour‡ me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.]

* Disposed to.

† Has an unfavourable opinion of me.

‡ Cajole.

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home*?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight),

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword),
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

* Did you attend Cæsar home?

And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.
[Exit Cicero.]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone†:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

* Entirely.

† Bolt.

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of
life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind*;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, open graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious† grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cas-
sius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes‡ and limbs like to their ancestors;
But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

* Why they deviate from quality and nature.

† Portentous. ‡ Muscles.

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds*.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O, grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made : But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold † my hand :
Be factious ‡ for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me

* Deer.

† Here's my hand.

‡ Active.

In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd*, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait†; He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this? There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already: and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

* Resembles.

† Air of walking.

Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when*? Awake, I say: What, Lu-
cius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the ques-
tion.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—

* An exclamation of impatience.

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse* from power: And, to speak truth of
 Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof †,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees ‡
 By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind §, grow mischie-
 vous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

* Pity, tenderness.

† Experience.

‡ Low steps.

§ Nature.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake.—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus, must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocks within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks.

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma*, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru.

Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru.

Do you know them?

* Visionary.

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour*.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mark thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on†,
Not Erebus‡ itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good-morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber,

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

* Countenance. † Walk in thy true form.

‡ Hell.

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face* of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery†. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter‡? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous§,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,

* Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *faith*.

† Lot.

‡ Prevaricate.

§ Cautious.

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion*,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break† with
him;

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only
Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy‡ afterwards:

* Character.

† Let us not break the matter to him.

‡ Malice.

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r* Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies†:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,

* Whether.

† Omens at sacrifices.

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers*,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give this humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him †:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave
you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-
mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on ‡ our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures §, nor no fantasies,

* Prognosticators. † By his house.

‡ Show our designs.

§ Shapes created by imagination.

Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise
you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :

I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;

But, with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;

And, could it work so much upon your shape,

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition*,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank † morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;

* Temper.

† Damp.

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy* and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs†

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?

* Moisture.

† The residence of harlots.

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery* of my sad brows :—
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that, knocks ?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe goodmorrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,

To wear a kerchief ? 'Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible ;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

* All that is characterized on.

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A room in Cæsar's palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies*,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled † in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal ‡ about the streets.
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

* Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens.

† Encountered.

‡ Cry with pain.

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No; Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause;
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate:
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall press
Reviving blood and that great men shall suck
For tinctures, strains, relicks*, and cognizance†.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable‡.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebonius, and Cinna.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

* As to a saint, for reliques.

† As to a prince for honours.

‡ Subordinate.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day.
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns* to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

* Grieves.

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover*, Artemidorus. Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments, that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation†. If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live; If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone: Why dost thou stay?

* Friend. † Envy.

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth*, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, knowest thou any harm's intended to-
wards him?

* Really.

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

*SCENE I. The same. The Capitol; the senate
sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them Artemidorus, and the Sooth-sayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub.

Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All
the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop.

Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru.

Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and
the Senators take their seats.]*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd*: press near, and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

* Ready.

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*]

Cæs.

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas.

Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world; 'Tis furnished well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive*;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank†,

* Intelligent.

† Continues to hold it.

Unshak'd of motion* : and, that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this;
 That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless† kneel?

Dec. Speak, hands, for me.

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute‡?*—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
 Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
 Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
 There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to a Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

* Solicitation.

† Unsuccessfully.

‡ And thou, Brutus?

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd :
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash*. How many ages
hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

* In Cæsar's blood.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit Servant.]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well-to
friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank*:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit

* Grown too high for the publick safety.

As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity),
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie ?

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compæct mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, in-
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do; Do not consent,
[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide* of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—

* Course.

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock**, and let slip† the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!—

[Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching: for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,

* The signal for giving no quarter.

† To let slip a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time.

In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
 friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And publick reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their
 reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*]

Brutus goes into the rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers*! hear me for my
 cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me
 for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour,
 that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom;
 and awake your senses that you may the better
 judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear

* Friends.

friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him; There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover* for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

* Friend.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace ; ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair ;
We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his say-
ings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor* to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins† in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

* The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.

† Handkerchiefs.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua*,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

* Statua for statue, is common among the old writers.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us*.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint† of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,—
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor
live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs‡ they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

* Was successful. † Impression.

‡ Grievances.

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas*.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tyber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

* Greek coin.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fel-
low?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter Cinna, the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly, Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A room in Antony's house.*

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick* him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damnt† him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we will determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at The Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die, In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you; And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold; To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way;

* Set, mark.

† Condemn.

And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property*. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd † about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

* As a thing at our disposal.

† Surrounded, baited.

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd ;—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;

And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs* softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

* Grievances.

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice* offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?

* Trifling.

And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay* the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in†; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions‡.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

* Bait, bark at.

† Limit my authority.

‡ Terms, fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas*, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd†
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

* Coin.

† Split.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:

What should the wars do with the jiggling fools?

Companion*, hence.

Cas. Away, away; begone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucinius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you,
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

* Fellow.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Mes-
sala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power*,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-
sala:

With meditating that she must die once†,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should en-
dure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art‡ as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

* Force.

† At some time.

‡ Theory.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell,
good Messala ;—
Good-night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forget-
ful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace* upon my boy,
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil;

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*

* Sceptre.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cas-
sius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn* us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army;*
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

* Summon.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony;

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony: away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl* we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!
Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former† ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted‡ us.
This morning are they fled away, and gone;

* Throw. † Foremost. ‡ Accompanied.

And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills*

Unto the legions on the other side :

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :

This ensign here of mine was turning back ;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;

* Directions for the officers.

Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again: that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[Exit.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit Pindarus.

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. *[Above.]* O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on,—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—
and, hark!

[Shout.

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward, that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner:
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath:

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child !
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius : whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee ? Didst thou not hear their
shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods :—This is a Roman's part :
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young
Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Mes. Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low ularums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies;
then Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is over-
powered, and falls.*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r* Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Whether.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumpius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord, He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumpius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumpius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumpius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumpius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto,
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword and dies.]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony,
Messala, Lucilius, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain* them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer† me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Receive into my service.

† Recommend.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to the Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

JOHNSON.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar, } *triumvirs.*
M. Æmil. Lepidus, }

Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *friends of Antony.*

Mæcenas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius, } *friends of Cæsar.*
Thyreus,
Gallus,

Menas, } *friends of Pompey.*
Menecrates,
Varrius,

Taurus, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

Canidius, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*

Silius, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*

Euphronius, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; *attendants on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

Charmian, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*
Iras,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges* all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come!

*Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their
trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

* Renounces.

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn* how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates† me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in‡ that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process§? Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind

* Bound or limit.

† Offends.

‡ Subdue, conquer

§ Summons.

On pain of punishment, the world to weet*,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falshood !
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound † the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar ‡, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*

* Know.

† Consume.

† Fame.

SCENE II.

The same. Another room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom

Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names*: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

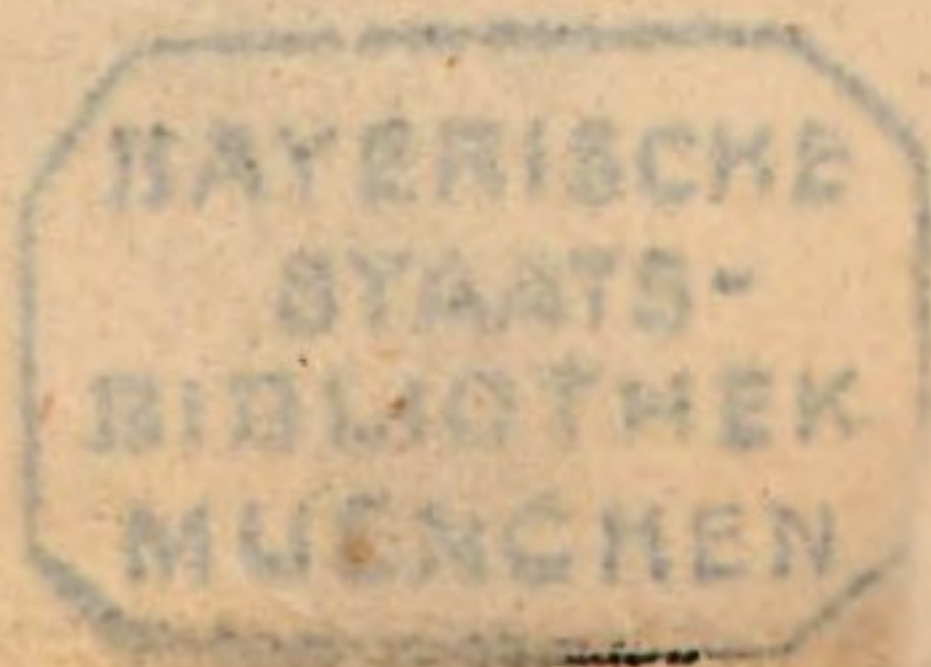
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I be-

* Shall be bastards.



seech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

* An Egyptian goddess.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant.

Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess.

Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended* Asia from Eúphrates;

His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess.

O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds† lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing‡. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
one?

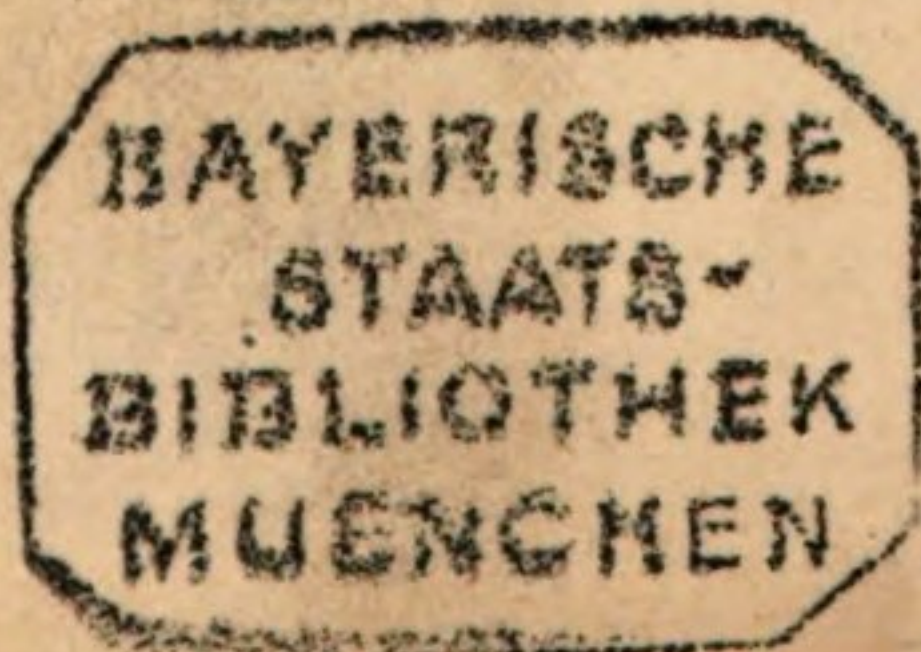
2 *Att.* He stays § upon your will.

* Seized.

† In some editions *minds*.

‡ Tilling, ploughing; prepares us to produce good
seed.

§ Waits.



Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

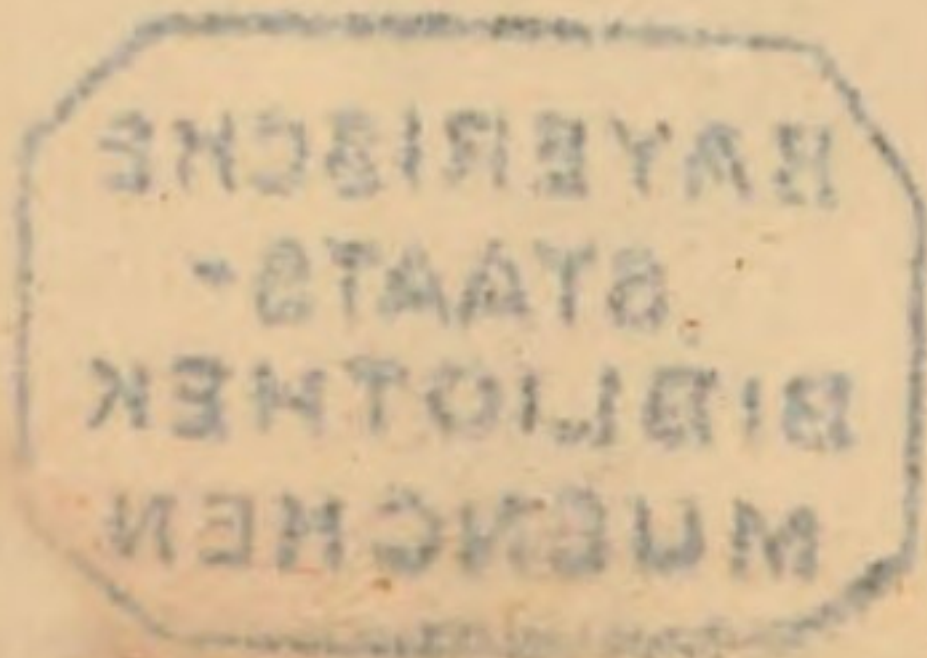
Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women
die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing;
though, between them and a great cause, they
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching
but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:
I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits
some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity
in dying.



Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love : We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her !

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat :—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience* to the queen, And get her love† to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too

* Expedition. † Leave.

Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
 Till his deserts are past), begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
 The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's* hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does:—

I did not send you †;—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit Alex.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
 dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
 nothing.

* Horse's. † Look as if I did not send you.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;

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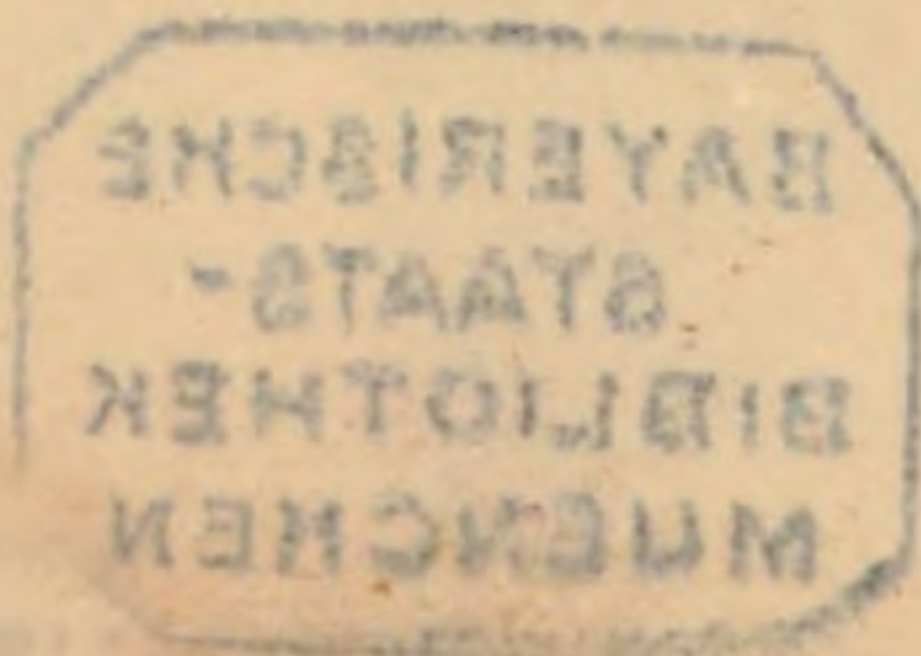
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Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your go-
ing,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;

Bliss in our brows' bent* ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race† of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant.

How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst
know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port‡ of Rome:
Equality of two domestick powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe § my go-
ing,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die ||?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd ¶; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo.

O most false love!

* The arch of our eye-brows.

† Smack or flavour.

‡ Gate.

§ Render my going not dangerous.

|| Can Fulvia be dead?

¶ The commotion she occasioned.

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime*, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt†: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe‡.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion§ is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty

* Mud of the river Nile.

† To me, the queen of Egypt.

‡ Heat. § Oblivious memory.

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in Cæsar's house.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor*: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall
find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:

* Associate or partner.

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd*; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes
him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must An-
tony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness†. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him‡ for't: but, to confound§ such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents|| repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—

* Procured by his own fault.

† Levity.

‡ Visit him.

§ Consume.

|| Discontented.

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd*. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear† and
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood‡ to think on't, and flush§ youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals||. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale¶ of horses, and the gilded puddle**
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now),

* Endeared by being missed.

† Plough.

‡ Turn pale.

§ Ruddy.

|| Feastings: in the old copy it is *vaissailles*, i. e.
vassals.

¶ Urine.

** Stagnant, slimy water.

Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond*. [Exeunt

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora†.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him
Too much.

* My bounden duty.

† A sleepy potion.

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd*, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonett of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With his looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

* Unmanned.

† A helmet.

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. — Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant* steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the ex-
tremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

* Furious.

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days ;
When I was green in judgement :—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away :
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. *A room in Pompey's house.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome to-
gether,

Looking for Antony : But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd* lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till † a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius ?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd ‡ his helm §
For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain : But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;

* Declined, faded.

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‡ Done on ; i. e. put on.

§ Helmet.

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square* between them-
selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *A room in the house of Lepidus.*

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

* Quarrel.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose* well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech),
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness† grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay,
Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you

* Agree. † Let not ill-humour be added.

Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant.

My being in Egypt, Cæsar,

What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there
Did practise* on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question†.

Ant.

How intend you, practis'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never

Did urge me in this act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports‡,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs.

You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant.

Not so, not so ;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted § mine own peace. As for my wife,

* Use bad arts or stratagems.

† Subject of conversation.

‡ Reporters. § Opposed.

I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o'the world is yours; which with a snaffle*
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils †, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive ‡ out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question § wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty

* Bridle.

† Commotions.

‡ Messenger.

§ Conversation.

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
 Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs* between ye: to forget them quite,
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks to atone† you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mæcenus.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
 the instant, you may, when you hear no more
 words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have
 time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else
 to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
 forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
 more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions‡
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us staunch §, from edge to
 edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
 Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.

* Grievances.

† Reconcile.

‡ Dispositions.

§ Firm.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men :
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep.

Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together: Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.]

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!
—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mæc. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You staid well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mæc. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which wor-
thily deserved noting.

Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her*.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed ; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you :
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature : on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did †.

Agr. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame ‡ the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,

* Suits with her merits.

† Added to the warmth they were intended to diminish.

‡ Readily perform.

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she's riggish*.

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery† to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

* Wanton.

† Allotment.

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Cæsar's house.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor
you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar is not; but near him, thy angel

Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails* ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd †, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The ancients used to match quails as we match
cocks.

† Inclosed.

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenus, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mæc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount*
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mæc. Agr.

Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, moody†
food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend.

The musick, ho!

* Mount Misenum.

† Melancholy.

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires* and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

* Head-dress.

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;
We use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour*
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man†.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence‡; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friend with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

* So sour a countenance.

A man in his senses. ‡ Preceding.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[Strikes him down.]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,

[Strikes him again.]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot* thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a dagger.]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[Exit.]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within your-
self;

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-
bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

* Recompense.

A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd*, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend
you:

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his faults should make a knave of
thee,

That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get thee
hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

* Whelmed under water.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo.

I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence.

I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature* of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit Alexas.*

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T'other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[*To Mardian.*

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mæcenus, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs.

Most meet,

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent ;

Which if thou hast considered, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;

And carry back to Sicily much tall† youth

That else must perish here.

Pom.

To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

* Beauty. † Brave.

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted*,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
 Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol; but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it,
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not fear† us, Pompey, with thy
 sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
 How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
 Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
 (For this is from the present‡), how you take
 The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
 What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
 To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
 Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
 To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
 Our targe§ undinted.

* Haunted.

† Affright.

‡ Present subject.

§ Target, shield.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to
you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts* harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let
us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

* Scores, marks.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now;—How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have
known*, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me:
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

* Been acquainted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to
you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts* harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let
us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

* Scores, marks.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now;—How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,

Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,

When you have well deserv'd ten times as much.

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Excunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have
known*, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me:
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

* Been acquainted.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this way laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of holy, cold, and still conversation*.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again:

* Behaviour.

then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Excunt.*

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's galley, lying near Misenum.

Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet*.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plantst are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan† I could not heave.

1 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

* Dessert.

† Feet.

‡ Pike.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mæcenæ, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To Cæsar.*] They take the flow o'the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean*, if dearth,
Or foizon†, follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud, by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises‡ are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that

* Middle.

† Plenty.

‡ Pyramids.

which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and, Although thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales*, or sky inclips†, Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors‡,

* Encompasses. † Embraces. ‡ Confederates.

Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't ! In me, 'tis villainy ;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd* fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,

Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man ; See'st not ?

Men. The third part then is drunk : 'Would it
were all,

That it might go on wheels !

Eno. Drink thou ; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels†, ho !
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'the time.

* Cloyed.

† Kettle-drums.

Cæs. Possess* it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony:
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding† every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand
in hand.

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne†:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good
night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Eno-
barbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

* Understand.

† Burden, chorus.

‡ Red eyes.

Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,
You have my father's house,—But what? we are
friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, and
Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!

Come. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

*Enter Ventidius, as after conquest, with Silius,
and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the
dead body of Pacorus borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes*,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,

* *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour,
Who does it the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
tony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o'the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what
haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*

Enter Agrippa, and Enobarbus, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome : Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ? How ? the nonpareil !

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird* !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar ;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best ;—Yet he loves Antony :

Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr.

Both he loves.

* The phoenix.

Eno. They are his shiards*, and he their beetle.
So,— [Trumpets.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band†
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue‡, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious §, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements|| be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs.

What,

Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

* Wings.

† Bond.

‡ Octavia.

§ Scrupulous.

|| Of air and water.

Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's-down feather,
 ther,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to Agrippa.*

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
 So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
 When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
 He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,
 When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
 rheum;
 What willingly he did confound*, he wail'd :
 Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
 You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
 Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come ;
 I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :
 Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
 And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu ; be happy !

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
 To thy fair way !

Cæs. Farewell, farewell !
 [*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell.

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

* Destroy.

SCENE III.

Alexandria. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station* are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or
round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd† him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

* Standing.

† Pulled, lugged.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A room in Antony's house.*

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import*,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not †
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented ‡ them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth §.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach || not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, O, *bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

* Similar tendency.

† Could not help.

‡ Published.

§ Indistinct, through his teeth.

|| Resent.

O, *bless my brother!* Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain* your brother; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should soldert† up the rift‡.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

* Disgrace.

† Cement, close.

‡ Opening.

Eno. This is old; What is the success*?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him† in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry‡; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal§, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A room in Cæsar's house.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—

* What follows.

† Equal rank.

† *i. e.* Lepidus.

§ Accusation.

I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself, in chairs of gold,
Were publickly enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them, Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the publick eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy* with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated † him
His part o'the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abus'd,

* Sick, disgusted.

† Assigned.

And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister : The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are
come

A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostent † of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

* Sick, disgusted.

† Assigned.

‡ Show, token.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct* 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o'the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lyaconia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
'To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:

* Obstruction.

Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment* to a trull†,
That noises it‡ against us.

Oct.

Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke§ my being in these
wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno.

Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should
not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely|| lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo.

What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

* Government.

† Harlot.

‡ Threatens.

§ Forbid.

|| Absolutely.

Cleo. Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in* Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea ! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. For † he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd :
Your mariners are muleteers ‡, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress § ; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :
Their ships are yare ¶ ; yours, heavy ¶. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

* Take, subdue.

† Because.

‡ Mule-drivers.

§ Pressed in haste.

¶ Ready.

¶ Incumbered.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd foot-men ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails*, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;
Strange, that his power should bet.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse :—We'll to our ship ;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis † !—How now, worthy soldier ?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Egyp-

tians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking ; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.]

* Ships.

† Strange that his forces should be there.

‡ Cleopatra.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries* beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power† went out in such distractions‡, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and
throes§ forth,
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

A plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, and Others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.

* Goes.

† Forces.

‡ Detachments, separate bodies.

§ Agonizes.

Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :
Our fortune lies upon this jump*. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o'the hill,
In eye† of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer:
The Antoniad‡, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle§ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd || pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag¶ of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o'the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder**,—

* Hazard.

† Sight.

‡ Name of Cleopatra's ship.

§ Corner.

|| Spotted.

¶ Lewd, common strumpet.

** Better.

The brize* upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd†,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
night

Indeed. [*Aside.*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

* The gad-fly, that stings cattle.

† Brought close to the wind.

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Antony, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated* in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

* Belated, benighted.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do? Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He*, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry†, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied‡ with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declined, and death will seize her; but §
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!

* Cæsar.

† Fought by his officers.

‡ Divested of his faculties.

§ Unless.

Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates*
All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—
Some wine, within there, and our viands :—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's camp, in Egypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him ?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster† :

* Values.

† *Euphronius*, schoolmaster to Antony's children.

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cæs.

Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea*.

Cæs.

Be it so; Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle† of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs.

For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend‡,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs.

Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[*To Thyreus.*

And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure

* As is the dew to the sea.

† Diadem, the crown.

‡ Paramour.

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw*;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question†: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo.

Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with Euphronius.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup.

Ay, my lord.

* Conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.

† The only cause of the dispute.

Ant. The queen
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons* apart,
And answer me declin'd†, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgements are
A parcel‡ of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

* Circumstances of splendor.

† In age and power.

‡ Are of a piece with them.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square*.

[*Aside.*

The loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly :— Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply †, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.— Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Enobarbus.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs

* Quarrel. † Perhaps.

To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation*
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying† breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace ‡ to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in §,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest || man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*

* Supposed to be an error for *deputation*, i. e. by proxy. † Obeyed.

‡ Grant me the favour.

§ Conquering.

|| Most complete and perfect.

Like boys unto a muss*, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack†, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributa-
ries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here (What's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exeunt Attend. with Thyreus.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ‡?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel § our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment

* Scramble.

† A term of contempt.

‡ Servants.

§ Close up.

Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously* pick'd out:—For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare † about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom

* Wantonly. † Ready, handy.

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit* me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [Exit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene† moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines‡, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion§ smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying || of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet¶, threat'ning most sea-
like.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,

* Requite.

† Earthly.

‡ Dissolves.

§ Her son by Julius Cæsar.

|| Melting.

¶ Float.

And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice* and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me —Come,
Let's have one other gaudy† night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, and Attend.

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be fu-
rious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge‡, and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

* Trifling. † Feasting. ‡ Ostrich.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's camp at Alexandria.*

Enter Cæsar, reading a letter; Agrippa, Mæcenas, and others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. *Cæsar must think,*
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot* of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*]

* Take advantage.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno.

No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have serv'd
me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo.

What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots

[*Aside.*

Out of the mind.

Ant.

And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv.

The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo.

What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.*Ant.*

Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply*, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield† you for't!

Eno.

What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho‡!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

* Perhaps.

† Reward.

‡ Stop.

SCENE III.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*They take their posts.*] and if
to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs* well,
Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this
mean?

* Bodes.

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk ; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

2 Sold. How now, masters ?

Sold. How now ?
How now ? do you hear this ?

[*Several speaking together.*]

1 Sold. Ay ; Is't not strange ?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content : 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A room in the palace.

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra ; Charmian, and
others, attending.*

Ant. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour,
Eros !

Enter Eros, with armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on :—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come,

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art

The armourer of my heart :—False, false ; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help : Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well ;
We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow ?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly*, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't† for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
More tight‡ at this, than thou : Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim§,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable, [Kisses her.
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment ; I'll leave thee

* Shortly. † Put it off. ‡ Handy.

§ Riveted dress, armour.

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Eros, Officers, and Sold.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo.

Lead me :

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antony's camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a
Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land !

Sold.

Had'st thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant.

Who's gone this morning ?

Sold.

Who ?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp

Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant.

What say'st thou ?

Sold.

Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros.

Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Ant.

Is he gone ?

Sold.

Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;

Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him

(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men :—Eros, despatch.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

*Flourish. Enter Cæsar with Agrippa, Enobarbus,
 and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
 Our will is, Antony be took alive ;
 Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Agrippa.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
 Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs.

Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury
 Upon himself. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry,
 On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
 Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
 And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
 Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
 That fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable trust. I have done ill ;
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus : The messenger
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true : Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit Soldier.]*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows* my
heart :

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the camps.

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa,
and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.]*

* Swells,

I 2

Alarum. Enter Antony and Scarus, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
Room for six scotches* more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

*Alarum. Enter Antony, marching ; Scarus, and
forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp ; Run one
before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;
For doughty†-handed are you ; and have fought

* Cuts.

† Brave.

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
 Each man's like mine ; you have shown all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip* your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;
 [To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy† I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the
 world,

Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness‡ to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumping.

Cleo.

Lord of lords !

O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant.

My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ?
 though grey

Do something mingle with our brown ; yet have we
 A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
 Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo.

I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them§ :

* Embrace.

† Beauty united with power, was the popular characteristick of fairies.

‡ Armour of proof.

§ As becomes the brave warriors that own them.

Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together;
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines*;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
 gether,
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter Enobarbus.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard: The night
 Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
 A shrewd one to us,

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;
 Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disponge† upon me;

* Small drums.

† Discharge, as a sponge when squeezed discharges
 the moisture it had imbibed.

That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
 O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

2 Sold. Let's speak
 To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleeping.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught* him.

Hark, the drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely† wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
 Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on then;
 He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.

* Reached.

† Solemnly.

SCENE X.

Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar.

For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, and his forces, marching.

Cæs. But† being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar.

Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nest: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

* Discover their numbers, and see their motions.

† Without.

Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore*! 'tis
thou

Hath sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, begone.

[Exit Scarus.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt; this grave charm†,—
Whose eye beck'd‡ forth my wars, and call'd them
home;

Whose bosom was my crownet§, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose||,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

* Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then
to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Au-
gustus.

† Deadly piece of witchcraft.

‡ Was the motion for.

§ Finish.

|| A cheating game, at present named *pricking
at the belt*.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts*; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleo.*] 'Tis well thou'rt
gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides†, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas‡ on the horns o'the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho!

[*Exit.*]

* For the smallest piece of money, to clowns.

† Hercules.

‡ The boy that brought the poisoned shirt to Hercules.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon* for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd†.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive‡ not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [Exeunt.

SCENE XII.

The same. Another room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory

* Ajax Telamon for the shield of Achilles.

† Foaming at the mouth. ‡ Split.

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,

The rack* dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave†, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant.

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

* The fleeting clouds. † Servant.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit Mardian.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent*,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit Eros.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then†, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,

* *i. e.* The thing that contains thee.

† Sealing compleats a contract.

That, when the exigent should come (which now
Is come, indeed), when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd* arms, bending down
His corrigible† neck, his face subdued
To penetrative‡ shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued§?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship|| of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

* Folded. † Corrected. ‡ Penetrating.

§ Followed. || Dignity.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—*[Falls on his sword.*

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. *[Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end
Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. *[Exeunt Guard.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? *[Exit Dercetas.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found), you did suspect
She had dispos'd* with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe are we, sir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

* Settled.

I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XIII.

The same. A monument.

Enter above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling*
stand

The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help ; help, Iras ;
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

* Without light.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear
(Dear my lord, pardon), I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd* with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion†, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw Antony up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken† with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

* Ornamented.

† Sedate determination.

‡ Revive.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest : and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more. [Dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord !—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen ; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras,

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares*.—It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,

* Task-work.

Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
 mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—
 [To the guard below.

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's no-
 ble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's
 body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenus, Gal-
 lus, Proculeius, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate*, tell him, he mocks us by
 The pauses that he makes†.

Dol.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit Dolabella.*

* Frustrated.

† He trifles with us.

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should have
shook

Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his* thoughts did kindle,—that our
stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mis-
tress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

* Its.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Procul.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit Gallus.*]

Agr. Mæc. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A room in the monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave*,
A minister of her will ; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

* Servant.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
[*Here Proculeius, and two of the guard, ascend
the monument by a ladder placed against
a window, and having descended, come be-
hind Cleopatra. Some of the guard unbar
and open the gates.*]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[To Proculeius and the guard. Exit Gal.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.

Pro.

Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo.

What, of death too

That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro.

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo.

Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro.

O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd* at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry†
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro.

You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

* Bound, confined.

† Rabble.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[To Cleopatra.
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt Proculeius, and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony ;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein
stuck

A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail* and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping : His delights

* Crush.

Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates* dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a
man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenus, Seleu-
cus, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

* Silver money.

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæs. Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project* mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents
(Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,

* Shape or form.

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel* my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain,
dog!

O rarely† base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That, thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel ‡ the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern § friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia ||, and Octavia ¶, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To Seleucus.]

* Sew up.

† Uncommonly.

‡ Add to.

§ Common.

|| Cæsar's wife, and

¶ Sister.

Or I shall show the cinders* of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits† in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady: the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

* Fire.

† Merits or demerits.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit Char.*

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dol.*] Now,
Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors*
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick† comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy‡ my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

* Beadles.

† Lively.

‡ Female characters were played by boys.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter Charmian.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare*, I'll give thee
leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instru-
ment [Exit Guard.

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting † moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm ‡ of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

* Job of work.

† Inconstant.

‡ Serpent.

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, —Truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind*.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*]

* Act according to his nature.

Re-enter Iras, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare*, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]
Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,
[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied †!

Char. O eastern star!

* Make haste.

† Unpolitick, to leave me to myself.

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another asp to her arm.
What should I stay— *[Falls on a bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp.

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—
call him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! *[Dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter Cæsar, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace*.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions† infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip‡ in it

* Graceful appearance.

† Tried experiments.

‡ Enfold.

A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them : and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.



This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission, from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene ; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others : the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition.

JOHNSON.

THESE ARE THE

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

CYMBELINE.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

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There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

There, you are the father of a young Prince.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, king of Britain.

Cloten, son to the queen by a former husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

*Guiderius, { sons to Cymbeline, disguised under
Arviragus, { the names of Polydore and Cad-
wul, supposed sons to Belarius.*

*Philario, friend to Posthumus, }
Iachimo, friend to Philario, } Italians.*

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, general of the Roman forces.

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.

Cornelius, a physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline, by a former queen.

Helen, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. The garden behind Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods*
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

* Inclination, natural disposition.

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gen.*

And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.*

You speak him far*.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly†.

2 *Gent.*

What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius‡, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their fa-
ther
(Then old and fond of issue), took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;

* *i. e.* You praise him extensively.

† My praise, however extensive, is within his merit.

‡ The father of Cymbeline.

Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts him to all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do), most prais'd, most lov'd:
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
 A glass that feated* them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child.
 He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen: and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the queen,
 and princess. [Exeunt.

* Formed their manners.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
 daughter,
 After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day,

Queen. You know the peril:—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen.*]

Imo. O
 Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest hus-
 band,
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty), what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness

Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him

[Aside.

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. *[Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up* my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain thou here

[Putting on the ring.

While sense† can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.

* Close up. † Sensation.

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught* the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth: thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare†
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
— grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole‡ son of my
queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an
eagle,
And did avoid a puttock §.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

* Fill. † A more exquisite feeling.

‡ Only. § A kite.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad!

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would
I were
A neat-herd's* daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done
[To the Queen.

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beesech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort
Out of your best advice†.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fye!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,

* Cattle-keeper's.

† Consideration.

And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—

I would they were in Africk both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A public place.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacri-
fice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's
none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord*. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord*. His steel was in debt; it went o'the backside the town. [*Aside*.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord*. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord*. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside*.

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord*. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside*.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord*. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together*: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her witt.

2 *Lord*. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside*.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord*. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside*.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord*. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt*.

* Her beauty and sense are not equal.

† To understand the force of this idea, it should be remembered that anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it.

SCENE IV.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,

And question'dst every sail : if he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is. 'What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him ; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle :
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pi-
sanio,
When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage*.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons†, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them de-
spatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Opportunity.

† Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

SCENE V.

Rome. *An apartment in Philario's house.*

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note*; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished†, than now he is, with that which makes‡ him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend§ him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to

* Increasing in fame.

† Forms him.

‡ Accomplished.

§ Praise.

whom I have been often bound for no less than my life :—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton : Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone* my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importancet of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgement (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded† one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our coun-

* Reconcile.

† Importunity, instigation.

‡ Destroyed.

try mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend*.

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the

* Lover,—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.

other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince* the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused† in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation‡ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where

* Overcome. † Deceived. ‡ Proof.

your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation*, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have

* Recommendation.

these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* Posthumus and Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

—*Enter* Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt* Ladies.

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask); wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded
(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in

Other conclusions* ? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen.

O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
[To Pisanio.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think,
she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs;
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

• Experiments.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.
[Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time
She will not quench* ; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being†,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans:
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [Exit Pisa.]—A sly and con-
stant knave;

* i. e. Grow cool.

† To change his abode.

Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord. I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers* for her sweet ; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done :
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet : Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Another room in the same.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd :—O, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
 Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious : Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fye !

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome ;
 Comes from my lord with letters.

* Ambassadors.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—*He is one of the noblest note, to
whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and mon-
keys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows* the other: Nor i'the judge-
ment;

* Making mouths.

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Slattery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. 'Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech, you, sir,
desire [To Pisanio.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish*.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit Pisanio.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'be-
seech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean), laughs from's free lungs, cries,
O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose*

* Shy and foolish.

*But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;

In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound

To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born), discover to me
What both you spur and stop*.

* What you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then),
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour); then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery*,
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboyst†, hir'd with that self-exhibition‡
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ven-
tures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears

* Sovereign command. † Wanton.

‡ Allowance, pension.

Must not in haste abuse), if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err : The love I bear him
Made me to fan* you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : Take my power i'the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strauget,
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,

* To fan, is to winnow. † A stranger.

By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam;
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Court before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I
kissed the jack upon an up-cast*, to be hit away! I
had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson
jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I
borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [Aside.]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [Aside.] crop the ears
of them.

* He is describing his fate at bowls; the jack is
the small bowl at which the others are aimed.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?
'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion* that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus? a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate†, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your wits being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.*

* Fellow.

† i. e. Degrade yourself.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed;

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.]

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?
'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool [Aside.

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[Exit.]

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Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes*, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct†.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—

Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras‡, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret

* It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.

† i. e. The white skin laced with blue veins.

‡ Tapestry

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartment.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord*. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord*. But not every man patient, after the no-
ble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and
furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage:
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord*. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am ad-
vised to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it
will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your

fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd* flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better† : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.
[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend' you here the door of our stern daughter ?
Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;

* *Cups.* † Will pay you more for it.

She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season* : make denials
Increase your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
Throne is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen.

[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave ha !—
[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;

• With solicitations not only proper but well-timed.

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man :
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal*: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'the court), it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knott†;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding‡ for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,

* So verbose, so full of talk.

† In knots of their own tying.

‡ A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery.

Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted* with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casnally
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

* Haunted.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An apartment in Philario's house.*

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist* though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline

* Statesman.

(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers*, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

* To those who try them.

Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons*
(I had forgot them), were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands†.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance), the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can,
[Pulling out the bracelet.]
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thank her), that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

* Ornamented iron bars which support wood burnt
in chimneys.

† Torches in the hands of Cupids.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure, false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—They induc'd to steal
it?

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance* of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

* The badge; the token.

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I

Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
A pudency* so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh !* and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.]

* Modesty.

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:

What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me; for

I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo.

A gentleman.

Lady.

No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady.

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady.

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo.

Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo.

This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal*: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'the court), it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knott†;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding‡ for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,

* So verbose, so full of talk.

† In knots of their own tying.

‡ A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery.

Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted* with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning : confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

* Haunted.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An apartment in Philario's house.*

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist* though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline

* Statesman.

(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers*, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

* To those who try them.

Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons*
(I had forgot them), were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands†.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance), the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can,
[Pulling out the bracelet.
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thank her), that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

* Ornamented iron bars which support wood burnt
in chimneys.

† Torches in the hands of Cupids.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure, false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—They induc'd to steal
it?

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance* of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

* The badge; the token.

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I

Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
A pudency* so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh !* and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Erit.*

* Modesty.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever), was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it), for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag, Of, *came, and saw, and overcame*: with shame

(The first that ever touch'd him), he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot* fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other
of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I
have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambi-
tion

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'the world), against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-
chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put

• Strumpet.

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers), thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance*; I am perfect †,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
time with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us
afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is
yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine:

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

* At the extremity of defiance.

† Well informed.

SCENE II.

Another room in the same.

Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous-tongu'd, as handed), hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in* some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*

[Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary† for this act, and look'st
So virgin like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

* To take in a town, is to conquer it.

† Confederate.

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physick love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[*Reads.*

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me,
as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even
renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am
in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What your own
love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his
vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me' bate,—but not like me: yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond), say, and speak thick*,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense), how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,

* Crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And how return, to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt our and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wa-
gers,

Where horses have been uimbler than the sands
That run i'the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's* housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

* A freeholder's.

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous country, with a cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet* through,
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon
hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consi-
der,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded † beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;

* Strut, walk proudly.

† Scaly-winged.

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours*.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit†.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the
search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,

* *i. e.* Compared with ours.

† To overpass his bound.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err : The love I bear him
Made me to fan* you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : Take my power i'the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strauget†,
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,

* To fan, is to winnow. † A stranger.

By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam ;
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have outstood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Court before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I
kissed the jack upon an up-cast*, to be hit away ! I
had a hundred pound on't : And then a whoreson
jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I
borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my lord ; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears
of them.

* He is describing his fate at bowls ; the jack is
the small bowl at which the others are aimed.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?
'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool [Aside.

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [Aside.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion* that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [Aside.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus? a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate†, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your uses being foolish, do not derogate. [Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.

* Fellow.

† i. e. Degrade yourself.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
 Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
 Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
 Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
 And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
 Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
 Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
 weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes*, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct†.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—
Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras‡, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret

* It was anciently the custom to strew chambers
with rushes.

† *i. e.* The white skin laced with blue veins.

‡ Tapestry

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartment.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the no-
ble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and
furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage:
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am ad-
vised to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it
will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your

fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd* flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better† : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?
Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;

* *Cups.* † Will pay you more for it.

She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season* : make denials
Increase your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo.

Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
Throne is Caius Lucius.

Cym.

A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen.

[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave ha!—

[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;

• With solicitations not only proper but well-timed.

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:

What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me; for

I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo.

A gentleman.

Lady.

No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady.

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady.

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,

And scarce can spare them.

Clo.

Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompence is still

That I regard it not.

Clo.

This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal*: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'the court), it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knott†;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding‡ for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,

* So verbose, so full of talk.

† In knots of their own tying.

‡ A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery.

Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted* with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

* Haunted.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An apartment in Philario's house.*

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist* though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline

* Statesman.

(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers*, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

* To those who try them.

Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching), It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons*
(I had forgot them), were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands†.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance), the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can,
[Pulling out the bracelet.
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir (I thank her), that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

* Ornamented iron bars which support wood burnt
in chimneys.

† Torches in the hands of Cupids.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure, false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—They induc'd to steal
it?

And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance* of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

* The badge; the token.

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before

Her father:—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:

Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I

Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
A pudency* so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh !* and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit.*

* Modesty.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever), was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it), for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag, Of, *came, and saw, and overcame*: with shame

(The first that ever touch'd him), he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot* fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other
of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I
have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambi-
tion

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'the world), against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-
chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put

* Strumpet.

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers), thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance*; I am perfect †,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
time with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us
afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is
yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine:

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

* At the extremity of defiance.

† Well informed.

SCENE II.

Another room in the same.

Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous-tongu'd, as handed), hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in* some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*

[Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary† for this act, and look'st
So virgin like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

* To take in a town, is to conquer it.

† Confederate.

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physick love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me,
as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even
renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am
in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What your own
love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his
vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me' bate,—but not like me: yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond), say, and speak thick*,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense), how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,

* Crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And how return, to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt our and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wa-
gers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i'the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's* housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

* A freeholder's.

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous country, with a cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet* through,
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui.

Hail, heaven!

Arr.

Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon
hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consi-
der,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded† beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;

* Strut, walk proudly.

† Scaly-winged.

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours*.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit†.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the
search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,

* *i. e.* Compared with ours.

† To overpass his bound.

Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords: and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
 oft),

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
 tains;

This is not hunter's language:—He, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val-
 leys. *[Exeunt Gui. and Arv.]*

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
 thus meanly

I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things to prince it. much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once Arvirágus), in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
 sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself

Into a haviour* of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
 hand!
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
 tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
 paper
 Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?

* For behaviour.

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay* of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting†, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthú-
mus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.

* *Putta*, in Italian, signifies both a jay and a
whore. † Likeness.

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens* my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart;

Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?

The scriptures† of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st‡ on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

* Cowards. † The writings.

‡ Feedest or preyest on.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self), to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan*; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

* The sun.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
(’Tis in my cloak-bag), doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, ’fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy* (which you’ll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in musick), doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he’s honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me†, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr’ythee, away:
There’s more to be consider’d; but we’ll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I’m soldier to‡, and will abide it with
A prince’s courage. Away, I pr’ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell:
Lest, being miss’d, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What’s in’t is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm’d at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.
[*Exeunt.*]

* *i. e.* Wherein you are *accomplished*.

† As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on
me.

‡ Equal to.

SCENE V.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[Exeunt Lucius, and Lords.]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours
us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen.

Go, look after.—

[Exit Cloten.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is,
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:

Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen.

All the better: May

This night forestall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman*; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgement,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

* Than any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *woman-kind*.

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge,
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service ; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man : thou shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither : let it be thy first service ; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven :—I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember't anon :—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : First kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, —and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,

That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true: 'To lapse in fulness
 Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
 Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I date not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman*,
 and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match†:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll browse
 on that,—

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:
 [*Looking in.*]

* Best hunter. † Agreement.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in* this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds,
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer

* In, for into.

Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing* multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

* Unsteady.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv.

I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen.

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen.

With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The forest, near the cave.**Enter Cloten.*

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for* 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean), the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions†: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Post-humus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

* *i. e.* Because.

† In single combat.

SCENE II.

Before the cave.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well : [*To Imogen.*] remain here
in the cave ;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here :
[*To Imogen.*

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ;—yet am I not well :
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick : So please you leave me ;
Stick to your journal* course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,

* Keep your daily course.

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*
 O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
 Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
 I am not their father; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
 'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.]

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
 what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
 The imperious* seas breed monsters; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:
 He said, he was gentle†, but unfortunate;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
 We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
 For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
 I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever.
 [*Exit Imogen.*

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
 Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

* Imperial. † Well-born.

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs* together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's
there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.

* Spurs are the roots of trees.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads;
Yield, rustick mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour* Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute, 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors: for the effect of judgement Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse, There was no money in't: Not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none: Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect†, what: cut off one Cloten's head, Son to the queen, after his own report; Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore, With his own single hand he'd take us in‡, Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow, And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

* Countenance. † I am well-informed what.

‡ Conquer, subdue.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For* we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation†; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing
(As it is like him), might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth‡.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

* For, because. † Change, alteration.

‡ Did make my walk tedious. § Care.

'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain* his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seem from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

* Regain, restore.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn musick.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys*.
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, bearing Imogen as dead in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare†
Might easiliest harbour in!—Thou blessed thing!

* Trifles.

† A slow-sailing, unwieldy vessel.

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—

How found you him?

Arv. Stark*, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O'the floor;

His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put

My clouted brogues† from off my feet, whose rude-

ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack

The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,

Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock‡ would,

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming

Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie

Without a monument!) bring thee all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

To winter-ground§ thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;

And do not play in wench-like words with that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,

And not protract with admiration what

Is now due debt.—To the grave.

* Stiff. † Shoes plated with iron.

‡ The red-breast.

§ Probably a corrupt reading, for, *wither round*
thy corse.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid* for that : Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust ; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east ;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

* Punished.

SONG,

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*

Gui. *Fear not slander, censure* rash;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan;*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign† to thee, and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation have;*

And renowned be thy grave‡!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. *We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him
down.*

Bel. *Here's a few flowers; but about midnight,
more:*

* Judgement.

† Seal the same contract.

See W. Collins's song at the end of the Play.‡

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
 You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew.—
 Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
 The ground, that gave them first, has them again;
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
 Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
 'Ods pittikins*!—can it be six miles yet?
 I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and
 sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on't,—I hope, I dream;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt† of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good
 faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
 I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial‡ face—
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

* This diminutive adjuration is derived from *God's my pity.*

† An arrow. ‡ A face like Jove's.

Conspir'd with that irregular* devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's
 that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant†!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us; O, my lord, my lord!

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
 They are here in readines.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

* Lawless, licentious.

† i. e. 'Tis a ready, apposite conclusion.

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination),
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident*, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

* The west.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

[*Aside.*

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc.

Thy name?

Imo.

Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes* can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee.—

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

* Her fingers.

SCENE III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours.
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
ness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[To Pisanio.
Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,

Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter*.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront† no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready:

The want is, but to put those powers‡ in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it seek us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note § o'the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

* Confounded by a variety of business.

† Encounter. ‡ Forces.

§ Notice.

SCENE IV.

*Before the cave.**Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.**Gui.* The noise is round about us.*Bel.* Let us from it.*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?*Gui.* Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts*
During their use, and slay us after.*Bel.* Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render†
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.*Arv.* It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note‡,
To know from whence we are.*Bel.* O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,

* Revolters. † An account. ‡ Noticing us.

Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I ; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead.—The time seems long ; their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A field between the British and Roman camps.*

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones, If each of you would take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves, For wrying* but a little?—O, Pisanio! Every good servant does not all commands: No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never Had liv'd to put on† this: so had you saved The noble Imogen to repent; and struck Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack, You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love, To have them fall no more: you some permit To second ill with ill, each elder worse; And make them dread it to the doer's thrift. But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills, And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither Among the Italian gentry, and to fight Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die

* Deviating from the right way.

† Incite, instigate.

For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'the Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter at one side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army ; at the other side, the British army ; Leonatus Posthumus following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus : he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me ; Or could this carl*,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[*Exit.*

* *Clown.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv.

Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then, enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach.

'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Excunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post.

I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord.

I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
 damm'd*

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd and wall'd with
 turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—

An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd

So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,

In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,

He, with two striplings (lads more like to run

The country basset, than to commit such slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame),

Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,

Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:

To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;

Or we are Romans, and will give you that

Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may

save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These

three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,

(For three performers are the file, when all

The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*

Accommodated by the place, more charming,

With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd

A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,

Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd

coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,

* Block'd up.

† A country-game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly
prison-base.

Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
 A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: and now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages), became
 The life o'the need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'erborne i'the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs* o'the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
 To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly mon-
 ster,

* Terrors.

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words, or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find
him :

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in : Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is,
Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be
Britons must take ; For me, my ransome's death ;
On either side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken :
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront* with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported :
But none of them can be found.—Stand ! who is
there ?

Post. A Roman ;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him ; a dog !
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell,
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
service
As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter Cymbeline, attended ; Belarius, Guiderius,
Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The
Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who
delivers him over to a Gaoler : after which, all
go out.*

• Encounter.

SCENE IV.

*A prison.**Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.*

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fet-
ter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves*,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement; that's not my desire:

For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;

* Fetters.

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :
You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

Solemn musick. Enter, as an apparition, Sicili-
us Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man,
attired like a warrior ; leading in his hand an
ancient Matron, his wife, and mother to Posthu-
mus, with musick before them. Then, after other
musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers
to Posthumus, with wounds, as they died in the
wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies
sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show

Thy spite on mortal flies :

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,

That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,

Whose face I never saw ?

I died, whilst in the womb he staid

Attending nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,

Thou orphans' father art),

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes :

That from me was Posthumus ript ;

Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair,

* This Scene is supposed not to be Shakspeare's,
but foisted in by the Players for mere show.

That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck* and scorn
O'the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

* The fool.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an Eagle ; he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence : and rest
Upon your never withering banks of flowers :
Be not with mortal accidents oppress ;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;
And so, away : no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone; they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced
by a piece of tender air; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be
jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow: then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be for-
tunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump* the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

* Hazard.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone*. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Exeunt.]

* Forward.

* Hazard.

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe* of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus]
By whom, I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o'the battle: I create you

* Target, shield.

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,

Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vi-
cious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind,
and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted;
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods,
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, let it come: sufficeth,

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
 Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat*, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
 Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
 His favour† is familiar to me.—
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
 And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
 There's other work in hand; I see a thing,
 Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
 Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
 I love thee more and more; think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
 speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

* Ready, dextrous. † Countenance.

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One and another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress:

[*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To Iach.*] step you
forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

[*Aside.*]

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me), a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail* to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones), sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye:—

* Sink into dejection.

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthú-
mus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover), took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom he prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown:

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward.*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself*.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo.

Peace, my lord; hear, hear,—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,

There lie thy part.

[*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis.

O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym.

Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

* Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O Gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper* poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

* Mix, compound.

Think, that you are upon a rock ; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
not ;

You had a motive for't. [*To Guid. and Arvi.*

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught ; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely : But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket ; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour : what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forbend* !

* Forbid.

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one : The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could roar so to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ;

[To the Guard.]
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are), these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce* abridge-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in†.—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To Belarius.]

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for

* Vehement, rapid.

† i. e. Which ought to be rendered distinct by an
ample narrative.

The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach.

I am down again:

[*Kneeling.*]

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post.

Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym.

Nobly doom'd:

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv.

You help us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother:
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows*
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc.

Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc.

Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air: and when
from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after re-*

* Ghostly appearances.

vive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leo-natus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[To Cymbeline.

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about*
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice (both on her and hers),
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,

* Embraced.

The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

JOHNSON.

SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER
FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks his quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The red-breast oft at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempest shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*

Salustianus, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and
 afterwards declared Emperor himself.
 Bassianus, brother to Salustianus; an old and
 feeble man.
 Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, general against
 the Goths.
 Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the people, and
 brother to Titus.

Lucius, }
 Quintus, } sons to Titus Andronicus.
 Martius, }

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.
 Publius, son to Marcus the Tribune.
 Emilius, a noble Roman.
 Alarbus, }
 Chiron, } sons to Tamora.
 Demetrius, }

Aaron, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
 A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; the
 same.
 Goths, and Romans.
 Tamora, Queen of the Goths; and afterwards the wife
 of Titus Andronicus.
 A Nurse, and a black Child.
 Ministers of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
 Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, Rome; and the country near it.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Saturninus, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

Bassianus, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, tribune of the people; and brother to Titus.

Lucius,
Quintus, } *sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Martius,
Mutius,

Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.

Publius, son to Marcus the tribune.

Æmilius, a noble Roman.

Alarbus,
Chiron, } *sons to Tamora.*
Demetrius,

Aaron, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths, and Romans.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths.

Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, Rome; and the country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate. Enter, below, Saturninus and his Followers, on one side; and Bassianus and his Followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Saturninus.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title* with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of
my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,

* *i. e.* My title to the succession.

Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by
friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by their common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited* home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;

* Summoned.

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

*[Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol, and exeunt.
with Senators, Marcus, &c.]*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter Mutius and Martius: after them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, with Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught*,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol †,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!

* Freight.

† Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth*.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion† for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

* It was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.

† Suffering.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

*[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius,
with Alarbus.]*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius,
with their swords bloody.]*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in
the tomb.]*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise*!

*Enter Marcus Andronicus, Saturninus, Bassianus,
and others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful
wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness†,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

* He wishes that her life may be longer than his,
and her praise longer than fame.

† The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be
pronounced happy before his death.

Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
 This palliament* of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What! should I don† this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country:
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world:
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
 Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die;
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
 Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,

* A robe. † *i. e.* Do on, put it on.

I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's* rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !*

[*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,

* The sun's.

Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[To Tamora.

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith* true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[Seizing Lavinia.

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd. [guard?

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavinia.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*Titus kills Mutius.*

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust: and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Erit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale* of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To rufflet† in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

* A stalking-horse.

† A ruffler was a bully.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt Saturninus, and his Followers; Tamora, and her Sons; Aaron and Goths.]

Tit. I am not bid* to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to talk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

* Invited.

That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accom-
pany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that
word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature
plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter,
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one side, Saturninus, at-*
tended; Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, and Aaron:
At the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, and Others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
 Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
 Only thus much I give your grace to know,
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
 Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
 That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
 With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
 To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
 That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
 A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore-
 fend*,
 I should be author to dishonour you!
 But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
 For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
 Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
 Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
 My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
 You are but newly planted in your throne,
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude

[*Aside.*

* Forbid.

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin),
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a
queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.—

[*Aside.*]

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his high-
ness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-
jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Excunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
 'This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
 edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
 And so in this to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace*;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubst! these lovers will not keep
 the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier† by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
 So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?

* Favour.

† This was the usual outcry for assistance, when
 any riot in the street happened.

‡ A sword worn in dancing.

Full well I wot* the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
 She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive*, we know:
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
 court it.

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
 What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch
 or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
 Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
 To square† for this? Would it offend you then
 That both should speed?

Chi. I'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,
 So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
 you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
 That you affect; and so must you resolve;
 That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 A speedier course than lingering languishment

* Slice. † Quarrel.

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious ;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind* for rape and villainy :
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred† wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns :

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.]

* By nature.

† *Sacred* here signifies *accursed* ; a Latinism.

SCENE II.

*A forest near Rome. A lodge seen at a distance.
Horns, and cry of hounds heard.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c. Marcus,
Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora,
Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and At-
tendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav.

I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To Tamora.

Mar. — I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A desert part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit* it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,

Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;

Which cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy ;

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest†

[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;

The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,

And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,

* Possess.

† Disquiet.

As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
 birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
 His Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day :
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
 Now question me no more, we are espied;
 Here comes a parcel† of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life !

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :
 Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

* See Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book VI.

† Part.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's: and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his bounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins*,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

* Hedgehogs.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her; First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears: but be your heart to them,

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.

[To Chiron.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring
thou her husband;

[*Dragging off Lavinia.*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see that you make her
sure :

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; wer't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Martius falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is
this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me :—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here ;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear :

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy
help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.]

Enter Saturninus and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought thither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but
jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus,
and Lucius.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving a letter.

The complot of this timeless* tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him hand-
somerly,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward*

* Untimely.

*Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, *[To Tit.]* fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;

Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished ; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
so ;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash ;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so
fast ?

Cousin, a word ; Where is your husband ?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches ? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honest breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's* feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

* Orpheus.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. *A street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution: Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the ground.]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,

And now, like Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds.—

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have serv'd me to effectless use:

Now, all the service I require of them

Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage:

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,

That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,

Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock,

Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;

* The river Nile.

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me ; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :—
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
her husband ;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd ? like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And make a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot*,
Thy napkin† cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her
signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee;

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this?

As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,

* Know.

† Handkerchief.

Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?

O, none of both but are of high desert:

My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is de-
spatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call ;—What, wilt thou kneel with me ?
[*To Lavinia.*

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our
prayers ;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O ! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passions* bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin† with his big-swoln face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil‡ ?
I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;

* Sufferings. † The sky. ‡ Stir, bustle.

Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
These miseries are more than may be borne !
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[Lavinia kisses him.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now, farewell flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about ;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear :
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !
Farewell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress

Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius,
a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannise upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To Lavinia.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote al-
ready?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks*:—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thoughts;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still † practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;

I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

* An allusion to brewing.

† Constant or continual practice.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah*!—
Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

* This was formerly not a disrespectful expression.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus's house.*

Enter Titus and Marcus. Then enter Young Lucius, Lavinia running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why:— Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator*.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or phrensy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

* Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled *Orator*.

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius has let fall.]

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence* thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes†
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless‡, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

* Succession.

† To quote is to observe.

‡ Pitiless.

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there !)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies !

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—
My lord, look here ;—Look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides
it with his feet and mouth.]*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift !—
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge :
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides
it with her stumps, and writes.]*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ :
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;

And swear with me,—as with the woful feere*,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad† of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir: and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,

* Husband.

† The point of a spear.

And not relent, or not compassion him ?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield :
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the palace.

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door ;
 at another door, Young Lucius, and an Attendant,
 with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ
 upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
 He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—
 And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy*, lovely Lucius : What's the news ?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
 For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;
 And so I do, and with his gifts present

* *i. e.* *Grand merci* ; great thanks.

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody vil-
lains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see:

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace:—right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath
found their guilt ;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go ; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
o'er. *[Aside. Flourish.]*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor child in her
arms.*

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from Heaven's
eye,

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why then she's the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a
hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou

Canst not undo.

•[633]•

•[633]•

•[633]•

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must : the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach* the tadpole on my rapier's point ;
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels
up.

[Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.]

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir !
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladust,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides†, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what ; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !
Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !
Coal black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue :
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :

* Spit.

† A giant, the son of Titan and Terra.

‡ Hercules.

This, before all the world, do I prefer ;
This, maugre* all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy†.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer‡:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you:
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

* In spite of.

† *i. e.* Ignominy.

‡ Complexion.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[Stabbing her.]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack* with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her phy-
sick,

[Pointing to the Nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse.]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;

* Contrive, bargain with.

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A publick place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him Marcus, Young Lucius, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:
But metal, Marcus; steel to the very back;
Yet wrung* with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear:

And sith† there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak‡ our wrongs:
Come, to this gear§. You are a good archer, Mar-
cus. [He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

* Strained.

† Since.

‡ Revenge.

§ Dress, furniture.

Here, boy, to Pallas :—Here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius
shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship
joy.

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be
hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs*, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward, I'll be at hand: see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:— And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

* The Clown means to say *plebeian tribune*; i. e. tribune of the people.

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others: Saturninus, with the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent
 Of equal* justice, us'd in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his phrensy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress :
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

* Equal.

He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his
heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze* with all: [*Aside.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you
good den:—I have brought you a letter, and a couple
of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—

* Flatter.

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man ;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords ; Rome never had
more cause !

The Goths have gather'd head ; and, with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :
'Tis he the common people love so much ;
Myself hath often overheard them say.
(When I have walked like a private man),
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em-
peror.

Tam. Why should you fear ? is not your city
strong ?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius ;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious*, like thy
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby ;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint† their melody :
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

* Imperial.

† Stop.

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador;

[*To Æmilius.*

Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit Æmilius.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter Lucius, and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath*,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

* arm.

Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*
With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye* ;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ; not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is obliged to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,

* Alluding to the proverb, ' A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye.'

That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and, if it please me which thou
speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee ? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak :
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason ; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no
god ;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath ;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;
To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity ,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus :

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, détestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set :
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse),
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :

As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house;

Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before Titus's house.*

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,

* Perhaps this is a stage-direction, crept into the text.

Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines ;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom ,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind ,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes .
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light :
Confer with me of murder and of death :
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place ,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale ,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape ,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name ,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake .

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee .
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge ,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner ,
And whirl along with thee about the globes .
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet ,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away ,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads ,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel

Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they
are!

And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus, from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—

Go thou with him: and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor;

Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death,

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house:

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the empress, and her sons,

The emperor himself, and all thy foes;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;

VOL. VII.

T

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house : and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys ? will you abide with
him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

[*Aside.*

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me
mad ;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know, thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, fare-
well.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter Publius, and others.

Pub. What's your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much de-
ceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit Titus.*—Publius, &c. *lay hold on Chiron
and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are command-
ed.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter Titus Andronicus, with Lavinia; she bear-
ing a bason, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
bound;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste ;
And of the paste a coffin* I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[He cuts their throats.]
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

* Crust of a raised pye.

SCENE III.

The same. A pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune
will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fether him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth,
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots* it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break† the
parle;

* Advantage benefit. † i. e. Begin the parley.

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.]

Enter Titus, dressed like a cook, Lavinia, veiled, Young Lucius, and others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord: welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[He kills Lavinia.]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as *Virginus* was :
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat ; will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius* :
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[Killing *Tamora*.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[Killing *Titus*.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Kills *Saturninus*. A great tumult. The people
in confusion disperse. *Marcus*, *Lucius*,
and their partisans, ascend the steps be-
fore *Titus's* house.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself ;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,

Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To Lucius.*] as erst our
 ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i'the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this
child,

[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an
Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-
mans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's
royal emperor!

Lucius, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[*To an Attendant.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor.
To be adjug'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof:—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with Aaron.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruin. *[Exeunt.]*

All the editors and criticks agree in supposing this
play spurious. I see no reason for differing from
them; for the colour of the style is wholly different
from that of the other plays.

JOHNSON.

And, for him that is in earth, and finish his
The living stand, and the answer for food;
It is one thing to be in the world, and one
For the chance be that it is in our hands;
Some say, to be in the world, and one
Some say, to be in the world, and one

I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,
I should say, in the world, I have none;
I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,
I should say, in the world, I have none;
I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,
I should say, in the world, I have none;
I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,
I should say, in the world, I have none;

My father, and father, shall father be
I should say, in the world, I have none;
My father, and father, shall father be
I should say, in the world, I have none;
My father, and father, shall father be
I should say, in the world, I have none;
My father, and father, shall father be
I should say, in the world, I have none;

My father, and father, shall father be
I should say, in the world, I have none;
My father, and father, shall father be
I should say, in the world, I have none;

All the efforts and efforts are in opposing this
play against. I see no reason for differing from
them; for the colour of the style is wholly different
from that of the other plays.
JOHNSON.

PERSONS ALLIEMENTED.

Antiochus, King of Antioch.

Teretia, Queen of Syria.

Belshazzar, 3 (see Lord of Syria).

Pharabaz, King of Phoenicia.

Simonides, King of Phoenicia.

Chon, Governor of Phoenicia.

Isidore, Governor of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

P E R I C L E S.

The Daughter of Antioch.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

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Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

Antioch, a Lord of Phoenicia.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Antiochus, *king of Antioch.*

Pericles, *prince of Tyre.*

Helicanus, }
Escanes, } *two lords of Tyre.*

Simonides, *king of Pentapolis.*

Cleon, *governor of Tharsus.*

Lysimachus, *governor of Mitylene.*

Cerimon, *a lord of Ephesus.*

Thaliard, *a lord of Antioch.*

Philemon, *servant to Cerimon.*

Leonine, *servant to Dionyza. Marshal.*

A Pandar, and his Wife. Boulton, their servant.

Gower, *as chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.

Dionyza, *wife to Cleon.*

Thaisa, *daughter to Simonides.*

Marina, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

Lychorida, *nurse to Marina.*

Diana.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

Scene, dispersedly in various countries.*

* That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe, that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia, in Asia; *Tarsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.*

Before the palace of Antioch.

TO sing a song of old † was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eye
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales ‡ ;
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
'Purpose to make men glorious ;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,

* Chorus, in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.

† *i. e.* That of old.

‡ Whitsun-ales, &c.

I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
 This city then, Antioch the great
 Built up for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say :)
 This king unto him took a pheere*,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke :
 Bad father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account† no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
 Which to prevent, he made a law
 (To keep her still, and men in awe),
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify‡.
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

* Wife, the word signifies a mate or companion.

† Accounted.

‡ Pointing to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.

SCENE I.

Antioch. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul Embolden'd with the glory of her praise, Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

[*Musick.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride, For the embracements even of Jove himself; At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd), Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence, The senate-house of planets all did sit, To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Her face, the book of praises, where is read

Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence

Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath

Could never be her mild companion.

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,

That have inflam'd desire in my breast,

To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

As I am son and servant to your will,

To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain :
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
pale,

That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's act, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must :
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then ; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do ;
My riches to the earth, from whence they came ;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of Antiochus.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then ;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous !
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed :
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last : but O you powers !
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?

Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[Takes hold of the hand of the princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings :
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken ;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
T'would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole

casts

Copp'd* hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
 wrong'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
 for't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
 All love the womb that their first beings bred,
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
 the meaning;—

But I will gloze† with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince
 of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days‡;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
 Forty days longer we do respite you;
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
 And until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* Antiochus, his Daughter, and *Attend.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
 Where § now you're both a father and a son,

* Rising to a top or head. † Flatter, insinuate.

‡ To the destruction of your life. § Whereas.

By your untimely claspings with your child
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father);
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
 we mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner:
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends on us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our
 mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough ;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[Exit Messenger.

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after : and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure : so farewell to your highness.

[Exit.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles, Helicanus, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us : Why this charge of
thoughts ?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
(The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed me
quiet !

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here :
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act),
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him :
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :
Which care of them, not pity of myself
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them),

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord*. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 *Lord*. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glow-
ing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,
thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit coussellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear), as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st
this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled;
Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it (as no doubt he doth),
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
 But in our orbs* we'll live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince†,
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
 Here must I kill king Pericles; and, if I do not, I
 am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well,
 I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good dis-
 cretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the
 king, desired he might know none of his secrets.
 Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king
 bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture
 of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords
 of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
 Further to question of your king's departure.
 His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
 Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [Aside.]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
 Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
 He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
 Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch?

[Aside.]

* In our different spheres. † Overcome.

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not),
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [Aside.
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air: our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand),
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted* and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim† them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse‡ up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.

* To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly.

† To dress them by. ‡ Nurse fondly.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power*,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,

* Forces.

To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit.]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist*;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets :
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
And these our ships you happily† may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise ;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils !
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here a-
while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.]

* If he stands on peace. † Perhaps.

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis*, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation †
(To whom I give my benizon ‡),
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;

* Know.

† i.e. Conduct, behaviour.

‡ Blessing.

And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him ;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest :
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost :
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
And here he comes : what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower: this long's the text.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open place by the sea-side.*

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you ;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche!

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;
And from their wat'ry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect !
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest ! good fellow, what's that ? if it be
a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no-
body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to
cast thee in our way !

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg ? here's them
in our country of Greece, gets more with begging,
than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Can'st thou catch any fishes then ?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure ; for here's
nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou can'st fish
for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know ;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on ;
A man shrunk up with cold : my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a ? Now gods forbid ! I have a
gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now,
afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go
home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for
fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks*,
and thou shalt be welcome.

* Pancakes.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney* for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill

* To tilt, mock-fight.

hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace* :)
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though, calm'd, they give't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

* Armour for the arm.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
 And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
 This jewel holds his bidding* on my arm;
 Unto thy value will I mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases†.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my
 best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to
 the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
 This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. A public way, or platform, leading to
 the lists. A pavilion by the side of it, for the
 reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege;
 And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them‡, we are ready; and our
 daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
 Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
 For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
 My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
 A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
 As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
 So princes their renown, if not respected.

* Keeping.

† A kind of loose breeches.

‡ i. e. Return them notice.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device*.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer† himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;
The word‡, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second Knight passes.

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que*
per fuerça§. *[The third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry :
The word, *Me pompæ proxit aper.*

[The fourth Knight passes.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down :
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes.

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds ;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[The sixth Knight passes.

* Emblem on a shield.

† Offer.

‡ The motto.

§ i. e. More by sweetness than by force.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock*, than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust,
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [Exeunt.

[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight!

SCENE III.

The same. A hall of state.—A banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say your welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,

* Handle of a whip.

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
 Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
 Since every worth in show commends itself.
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
 You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
 In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
 To make some good, but others to exceed;
 And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
 o'the feast

(For, daughter, so you are), here take your place:
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simon-
 ides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we
 love,
 For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
 These cates resist me*, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
 Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
 Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat;
 Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but
 A country gentleman;

* i. e. These delicacies go against my stomach.

He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail* their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips),
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it?

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me,
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;

He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better. [*Aside.*]

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;—

Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pe-
ricles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd*,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud musick is too harsh for ladies' heads;

Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

* Prepared for combat.

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures* are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my
lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd
[*The Knights and ladies dance.*

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To Pericles.*] Pages and lights,
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
We have given orders to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,

* Dances.

That all those eyes ador'd them*, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my
lords.

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd†, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in
our censure‡:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof),
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:

* Which adored them.

† Satisfied.

‡ Judgement, opinion.

If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
 A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
 To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this love;
 Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
 And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
 hands;
 When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

*Enter Simonides, reading a letter, the Knights
 meet him.*

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
 know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
 tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.
 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take
 our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So
 They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's
 letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.
 Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
 I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no!
 Well, I commend her choice;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
 For your sweet musick this last night: my ears,
 I do protest, were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
 sir, of
 My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
 Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
 And she'll your scholar be; therefore, look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*
O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king),
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his cou-
rage. [*Aside.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—

I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside*]. I'll tame you;

I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I) [*Aside*.

Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—

And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,

Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked* hath the rout;

No din but snores, the house about,

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast

Of this most pompous marriage-feast.

The cat, with eyne of burning coal,

Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;

And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,

As the blither for their drouth.

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,

Where, by the loss of maidenhead,

* Quenched.

A babe is moulded ;— Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche* ;
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets him, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida. Simonides shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart. Then Simonides, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearnt and painful perch†,
 Of Pericles the careful search,
 By the four opposing coignes§,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expence,
 Can stead the quest||. At last from Tyre
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire),
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenour these:
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny there he hastes t'appease:
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not, in twice six moons, home,
 He obedient to their doom,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,

* Eke out. † Lonely. ‡ A measure.

§ Corners. || Help, or assist the search.

*Our heir apparent is a king :
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
 His queen, with child, makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe ;)
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood*
 Varies again ; the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-neighbor† !
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I nill ‡ relate ; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey :
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost prince appears to speak. [Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter Pericles, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast §, rebuke these
 surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that
 hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,

* Disposition.

† An exclamation equivalent to well-a-day.

‡ I shall not.

§ This wide expanse.

Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy deaf'n-
ing,

Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venom-
ously*

Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina †, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit ‡ would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour § with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,

* Maliciously.

† The goddess of child-bearing. ‡ Thought.

§ Contend with you in honour.

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows !
Thou hast as chiding* a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb : even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit†,
With all thou caust find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it !

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw‡;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins§ there; thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie, till
the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath
been observed; and we are strong in earnest. There-
fore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear,
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

* As noisy a one.

† Than thy entrance into life can requite.

‡ Blast.

§ *Bowlines*, ropes of the sails.

And aye-remaining* lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper;
My casket, and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is
this?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A room in Cerimon's house.*

*Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who
have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

* Ever-burning.

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men ;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many ; but such a night as
this,
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return ;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [To Philemon.

[*Exeunt* Philemon, Servant, and those who
had been shipwrecked.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good-morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good-morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake ;
The very principals* did seem to rend,
And all to topple † ; pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;
'Tis not our husbandry ‡.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,
having
Rich tire § about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

* The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the
roof of a building. † Tumble.

‡ *i. e.* Economical prudence, early rising.

§ Attire.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning* were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physick, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice), made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That Nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two Servants with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

• Knowledge.

It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-
treasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i'the characters!

[Unfolds a scroll.

Here I give to understand, [Reads.

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane* cost.

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too
rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

* Worldly.

The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou
block!—

The musick there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! *[She moves.]*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.]

SCENE III.

Tharsus. *A room in Cleon's house.*

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, Lychorida, and Marina.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so), here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace*, that fed my country with your corn
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you),
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body†,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:

* Favour.

† The common people.

But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
'Though I show will* in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the
shore ;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune †, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa,

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer : which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

* Appear wilful, perverse by such conduct.

† Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile.

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning* time ; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters ; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack !
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,

* Groaning.

Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
 Hight* Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be:
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided† silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl‡ wound
 The cambrick, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records § with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute || Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead;
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant¶ instrument of wrath
 Prest** for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

* Called.

† Untwisted.

‡ Needle.

§ Sings.

|| Accomplished, perfect.

¶ Prepared.

** Ready.

SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.

Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus* of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not

• The earth.

Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's* chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea marit,
Walk forth with Leoninet†; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit Dionyza.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

* Countenance, look.

† i. e. Ere the sea, by the coming in of the tide,
mar your walk.

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Leon. Was't so?

* Countenance, look.

† i. e. Ere the sea, by the coming in of the tide,
 mar your walk.

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-
tackle

Wash'd off a canvas-climber*: *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:

* A ship-boy.

Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:

There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,

Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A room in a brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of galants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit Boult.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the com-

modity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched*. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boulton.

Enter the Pirates, and Boulton, dragging in Marina.

Boulton. Come your ways. [*To Marina.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone thorough* for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you,

* *i. e.* Half-open.

† Bid a high price for her.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit Boult.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke); or that these
pirates

(Not enough barbarous), had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in
you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are
like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentle-
men of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall
have the difference of all complexions. What! do
you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be
not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall
have something to do with you. Come, you are a
young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would
have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men,
then men must comfort you, men must feed you,
men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of
her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find

the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers* i'the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere† profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

* Bends.

† An absolute, a certain profit.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A room in Cleon's house.*

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cleo. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat*: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent†,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cleo. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead;
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin‡,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole§ daughter.

Cleo. Heavens forgive it!

* *i. e.* Of a piece with the rest of thy exploit.

† An innocent was formerly a common appellation
for an idiot.

‡ A coarse wench, not worth a good-morrow.

§ Only.

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making* (to take your imagination),
From bourn to bourn†, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i'the gap to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas
(Attended on by many a lord and knight),
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
brought
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;

* Travelling.

† From one boundary to another.

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, Pericles, with his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina; whercat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then Cleon and Dionyza retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears oe'r-
show'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel* tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you witt†
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.]
The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis†, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the
earth:

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint,§)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

* His body.

† To know.

‡ The sea.

§ Never cease.

No visor does become black villainy,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady Fortune; while our scenes display
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

Mitylene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as
 this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did
 you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-
 houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous;
 but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boulton.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth
 of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her; she is able to freeze
 the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We

must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now? How* a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your rescrters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

* How much? what price?

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
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Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

* How much? what price?

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; —never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave; a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[To Marina, whom she takes aside.]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult.]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester* at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome sty,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i'the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
thou could'st.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,

* A wanton.

Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee :

Perséver still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from
me,

It shall be for thy good.

[*As Lysimachus is putting up his purse,*
Boult enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your
house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit Lysimachus.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
cope*, shall undo a whole household, let me be geld-
ed like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off,
or the common hangman shall execute it. Come
your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven
away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here
spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

* Cope or canopy of heaven.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! *[Exit Bawd.]*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel* That hither comes enquiring for his tib;

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear Is liable; thy very food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you; where a man may serve seven

* Paltry fellow.

years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For that which thou professest, a baboon, Could he but speak, would own a name too dear. O that the gods would safely from this place Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee. If that thy master would gain aught by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddess-like to her admired lays:

Deep clerks* she dumbs; and with her needl† com-
 poses
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses:
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

On board Pericles' ship, off Mitylene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.
 O here he is.—

* Learned men. † Needle.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene.
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray
you,
To greet them fairly.

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords; the
Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys.

You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue* his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;

• To lengthen or prolong his grief.

But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [*Pericles discovered.*] this
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal* night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail,
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd partst,
Which now are midway stopp'd;
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.*—

Exit Lord, in the barge of Lysimachus.

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kind-
ness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you fur-
ther,

That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,

* Destructive. † i. e. Ears.

Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, Marina, and a
young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your musick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine;—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parent-
age,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weep-
ing.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you
live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe*?

* Possess.

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind vir-
gin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient:
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,

Was given me by one that had some power ;
My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter ?
And call'd Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?
No motion* ?—Well ; speak on. Where were you
born ?

And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ? Thy mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king ;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little !
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well :—where were
you bred ?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me ; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :—
How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me ;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,

* *i. e.* No puppet dress'd up to deceive me.

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect),
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of king-
doms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?

Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick!—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?
The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!
Do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly musick:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;
— [*The curtain before the pavilion of Pericles*
is closed.]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina,
and attendant Lady.

SCENE II.

The same.

Pericles on the deck asleep; Diana appearing to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life*.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Diana disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentinet†,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, and Marina.

Hel.

Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown‡ sails; eftsoons§ I'll tell thee why.—
[*To Helicanus.*]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
ashore,
I have another suit.

* Repeat a lively narrative of your adventures.

† i. e. Regent of the silver moon.

‡ Swollen. § Soon.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Gower, before the temple of Diana at
Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me
(For such kindness must relieve me),
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he* had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound†.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [Exit.]

* i. e. Pericles.

† Confound here signifies to consume.

SCENE III.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus: Thaisa standing near the altar, as high-priestess; a number of virgins on each side; Cerimon and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian; to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery*. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—

You are—you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*]

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.

* i. e. Her white robe of innocence.

Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd
her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense* bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to Thaisa.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

* Sensual passion.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power;
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came placed here within the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament* that makes me look so dismal,

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

* i. e. His beard.

Per. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign,
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gower.

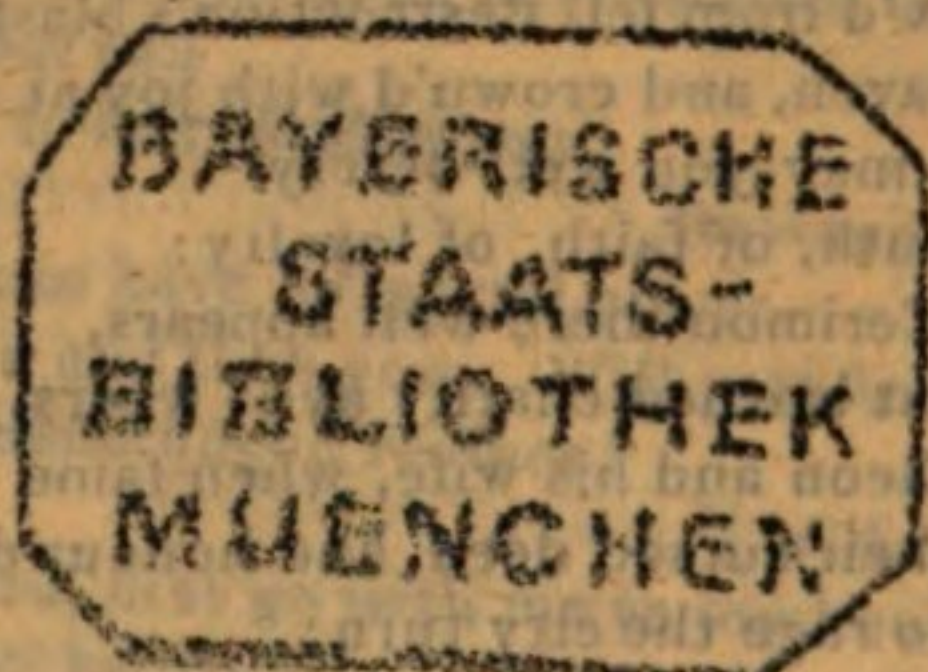
Gow. In Antioch*, and his daughter, you have
heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen),
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye† wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit Gower.*]

* *i. e.* The king of Antioch. † Ever.

That this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture, with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great poet is only visible in the last act, for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c. STEEVENS.

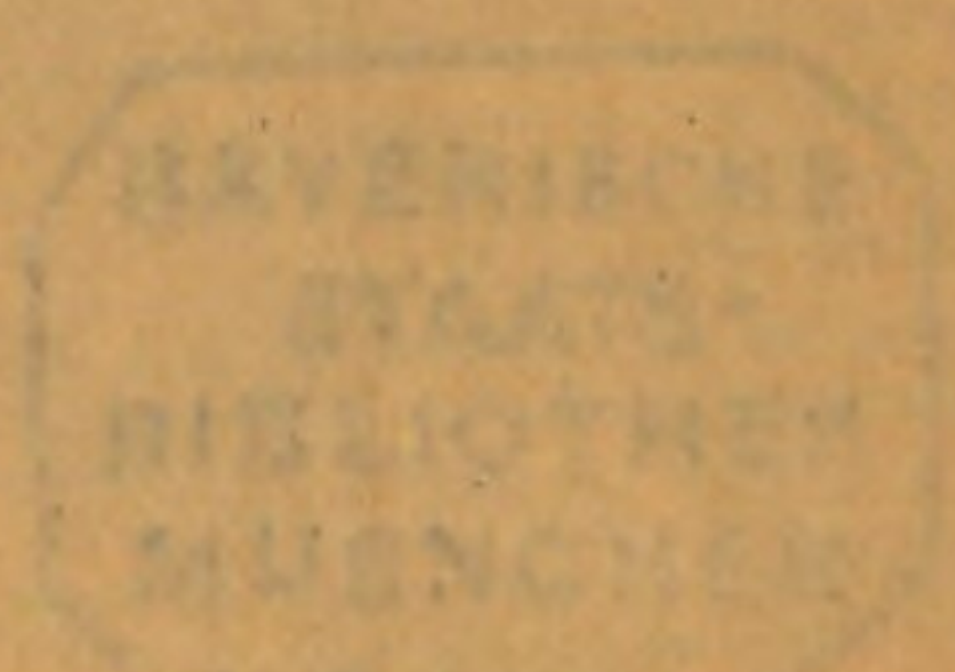
The story is of great antiquity; and is related by various ancient authors in Latin, French, and English.



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